uttered—like Lear's 'I will do such things—what they are yet I know not, but they shall be the terrors of the earth'; back to London drifted some of those who had fled, opened cinemas which had been closed, recovered their self-confident voices which had momentarily become plaintive, when no sirens sounded bravely demanding cessation of bureaucratic control, bravely railing against regulations imposed. After all, though there was a war, still there might be no war; after all, still it was only on other countries that bombs fell—Poland, Finland, Holland perhaps; after all, the Nazi regime might collapse, Hitler die, or, under the stress of a blockade, sue for peace. Fighting a war which might not have to be fought, defending what no more existed to defend, following campaigns which did not take place, mourning for the living and looking for strength to the dead, strangely, sadly and rather foolishly, the Thirties drew to a dose.